

953  
T2381  
C

UC-NRLF

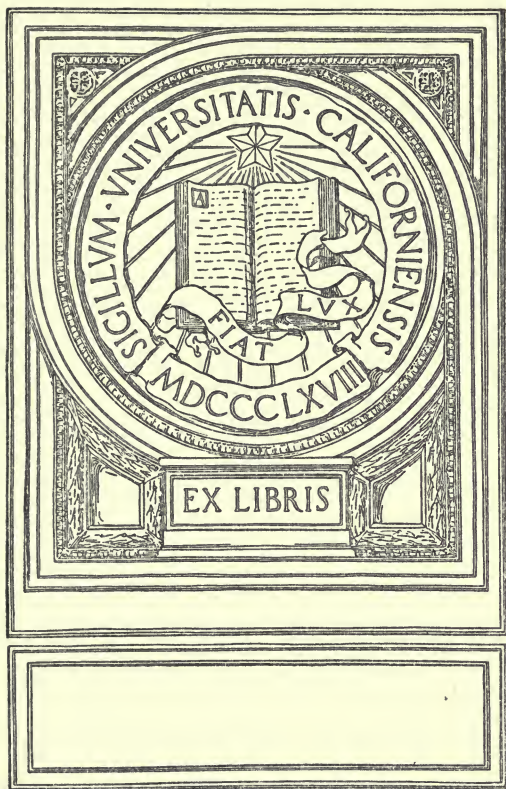


LB 274 754



CAPTIVE  
CONCEITS

TAYLOR



150





Dr Miss Beaton

A Merry Christmas!

Your appreciative  
friend

Bella Gray Taylor

216-N-139<sup>th</sup>  
December

1896









Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation







Faithfully Yours  
Bella Gray Taylor

# Captive Conceits

By

Belle Gray Taylor

//



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK

LONDON

27 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET

24 BEDFORD STREET, STRAND

The Knickerbocker Press

1896



953  
T2381  
C

COPYRIGHT, 1896  
BY  
BELLE GRAY TAYLOR

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

NEW YORK  
AND  
LONDON

TO  
GRACE AND MAY

A labor of love, my daughters,  
This little book hath been,  
And oft when the troubled waters  
Have rough been rolling in,  
I've seen on the crest a pleasant conceit  
And captured it, ere it could make its retreat.  
To-day I enchain them and surrender to ye  
Their keeping, secured by Love's padlock and key.



## CONTENTS.

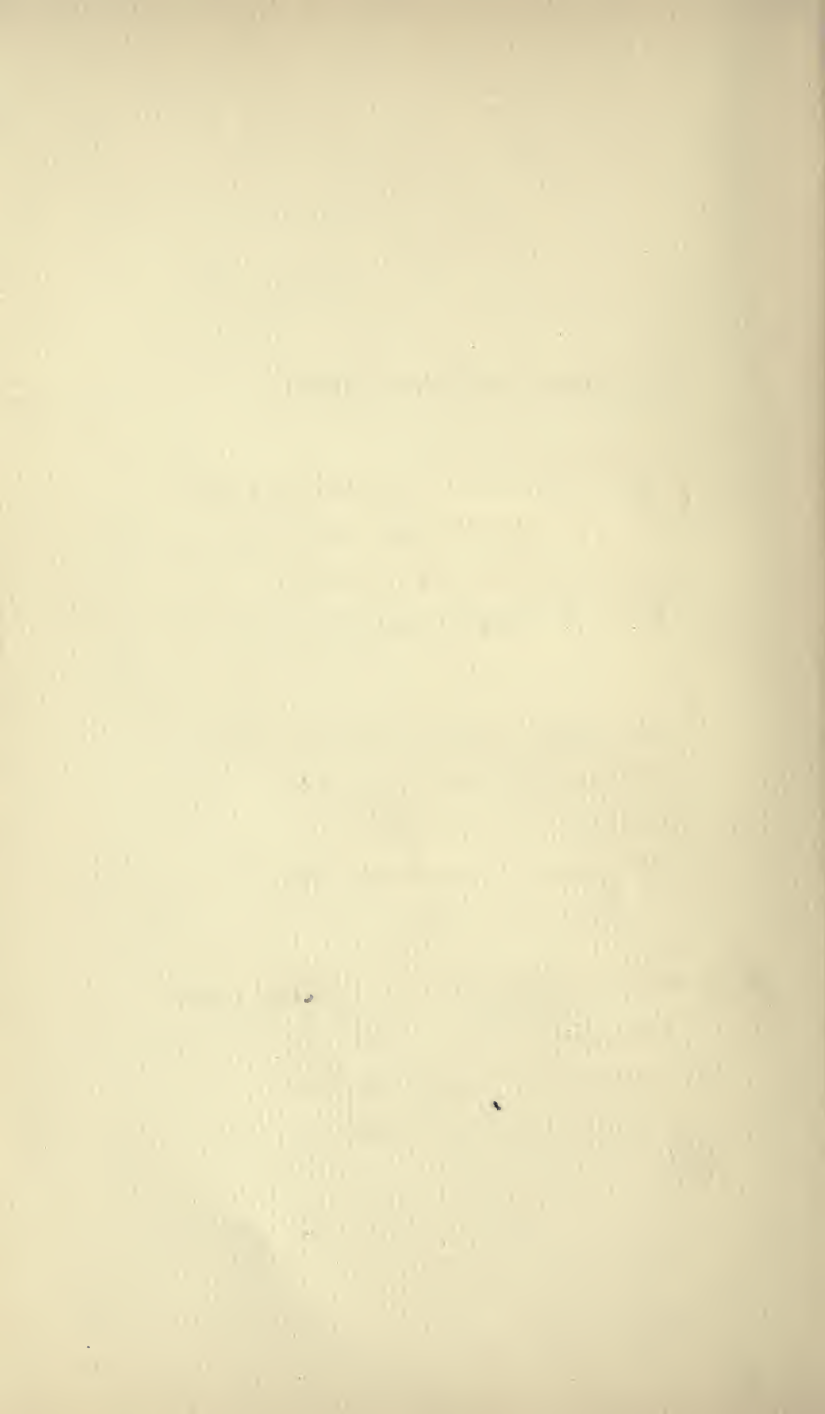
---

	PAGE
POESIE'S AWAKENING . . . . .	I
DOLORS . . . . .	6
EQUIPOISE . . . . .	8
WEFT . . . . .	11
CORINNE . . . . .	13
THE NEW WOMAN . . . . .	15
ENTREMETS . . . . .	19
BECKEY . . . . .	20
A WINTER IDYL . . . . .	21
A LIVELY DAY ON OLYMPUS . . . . .	24
"FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE" . . . . .	36
SONG PERSONAL . . . . .	38
THE FALL OF THE MODERN EVE . . . . .	40
TO L. A. . . . .	46
TO C. B. F. . . . .	47
AT THE BANQUET . . . . .	48
A BIT OF HISTORY . . . . .	50
A TOAST . . . . .	56



	PAGE
FOOTLIGHT-SUGGESTIONS.	
ACROSTIC . . . . .	57
<del>—</del> NETHERSOLE'S CARMEN . . . . .	58
PROPERTY KISSES . . . . .	60
LE BALLET . . . . .	62
THE ABSCONDING CASHIER . . . . .	63
FLOTSAM . . . . .	65
GRATITUDE . . . . .	67
" RATTLED " . . . . .	69
" REGRETS " . . . . .	73
HALF SEAS OVER . . . . .	75
FOOTBALL EPISODE . . . . .	77
IN POTENTIAL MOOD . . . . .	79
IN CAMP AT RAQUETTE LAKE . . . . .	80
VACATION . . . . .	82
OUR CLUB . . . . .	83
QUATRAINS . . . . .	86
TO RUTH . . . . .	87
MY FRIEND . . . . .	89
LOVE'S STRATEGY . . . . .	91
SLUMBER SONG . . . . .	92
AFFINITY . . . . .	94
ETRETAT . . . . .	95
UNSOLVED . . . . .	96
TO THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF NEW ENGLAND WOMEN	98
A VISION . . . . .	106
AD FINEM . . . . .	114

## CAPTIVE CONCEITS





## POESIE'S AWAKENING.

OUTSIDE the threshold of my soul  
I heard a plaintive wail,  
And flinging back the portal full  
In swept a mighty gale.

“Who calleth there?” amazed I cried,  
“What means this mystery?”  
“Lo, it is I,” a voice replied,  
“I ’ve come to dwell with thee.”

“Where art thou, strange, uncanny guest?  
Thy presence close I feel;  
A mystic gleam illumines my breast  
But doth not thee reveal.

“ Soars now my brain to dizzy heights,  
My heart is all aglow,  
My being 's filled with wild delights—  
It ne'er before was so.

“ O unseen guest, what is thy name?  
Why com'st to me like this?  
Not honor, wealth, nor mighty fame  
Could bring to me such bliss.”

“ Lo, I am of the muses nine,  
And Poesie I 'm called ;  
I came to thee by right divine  
To wake from sense enthralled.

“ And as the years have swift flown by  
I 've paused here times a score,  
But thou heard'st not my haunting cry  
Behind thy close barred door.

“ Thy soul is stored with precious wares  
Close packed and darkly shelved,  
Whilst thou among the noisome tares  
In lowly depths hast delved.

“ Unfold thy shutters thick and tall,  
No more in darkness dwell ;  
Disclose thy treasures, each and all—  
Believe, thou doest well.

“ Here 's satire keen as Damascus steel,  
And pathos, velvety soft.  
Now list while I thy wealth reveal—  
I 've tried so long and oft.

“ Here 's malachite in rarest blocks,  
The jealous fiend's own shade ;  
Of courage, adamantine rocks  
In strata deep are laid.

“ Of passion, here are rubies rare,  
And opals, pale, of grief ;  
Love's sapphires, blue, beyond compare,  
Surpassing all belief.

“ Here 's onyx black of deep despair,  
And corals bright of hope ;  
Diamonds of wit are gleaming fair  
Adown thy life's dim slope.”

“ O joy of wealth ! O wondrous guest !  
Thou 'st fev'rous turned my brain—  
Where erstwhile all was peace and rest  
Wild chaos now doth reign.”

“ Nay, fear thee not, for potent aid  
Shall be at thy command ;  
My mantle now is o'er thee laid  
And loyal here I stand.



“ Deep in thy soul poetic chimes  
I 'm ringing sweet and clear ;  
Delay no more, breathe forth thy rhymes  
That others too may hear.

“ Haste ! To the world thy jewels flash,  
Thy golden fancies frame—  
Unminding the keen critic's lash  
And seeking naught of fame.”

## DOLORS.

THE tide has ebb'd rich freighted.

All hope, love, joy are gone ;  
Her heart with sorrow weighted  
Hears but the low deep monotone  
Of grief's sad wavelets '

Despairing moan—

Despairing moan.

The dismal cypress' darkening shade  
Spreads o'er her like a pall,  
And phantom shapes in mists arrayed—  
Ghosts of dead hopes beyond recall,

With shadowy wings

Flit over all—

Flit over all.

The twilight dews fall dark and dank,  
The night wind sighs a dirge ;  
Noisome vapors, poisonous, rank,  
From gruesome haunts emerge ;—

Still waits she there

On night's grim verge—

On night's grim verge.

Why lingers the maid in deepening gloom?  
Why flees she not the haunted shore?  
Vain, vain her flight ! for 't is her doom  
To dwell with shadows evermore,

And in her soul

Pale phantoms soar—

Pale phantoms soar.

## EQUIPOISE.

WISDOM and Folly went out one day  
In a pleasure yacht to sail on the bay :  
Folly hoisted the sail to its fullest extent—  
Wisdom reefed in, on safety intent.

Where e'er you sail,  
To keep afloat  
Take Wisdom with Folly  
To balance the boat.

Hope and Despair walked forth at eve :  
Despair sank exhausted, Hope touched her  
sleeve,  
“Come, farther advance, I see for the morrow  
A sky blue and bright, with no cloud of sorrow.”

---

Despair raised her head  
From the cold, damp ground,  
And her weight held young Hope  
Within Reason's fair bound.

Joy and Sorrow sat side by side :  
Sorrow's wet lids by Joy were dried ;  
Joy laughed out in careless glee,  
Sorrow gently chid, "Give a thought to me."

A smile for a tear—  
Though justice sleeps,  
A joy for a fear  
The balance keeps.

Poverty and Wealth, though seeming no friends,  
Each to the other pays dividends ;  
This thing is true, just give it a thought,  
Nothing is sold but something is bought,  
And nothing is lost but something is won,  
While good and evil parallel run.

Let pessimists groan  
And talk as they will,  
This planet of ours  
Is well balanced still.

## WEFT.

FLYING in and out,  
The shuttle ran rife  
Through the spotless warp  
Of a maiden's life.

Glancing back and forth,  
A shimmer of light  
Was quick woven in,  
Of her heart's true knight.

Flitting fast and free,  
A dim shadow ran—  
A faint doubt of him,  
That falsely began.



Darting fierce and wild,  
With rattle and din,  
A jealous tangle  
Was woven of him.

. . . . .

Softly and slow  
The shuttle ran—  
Love was regaining  
Her lost faith in man.

Silent and still,  
The loom at rest—  
The web is woven,  
Her heart in his breast.

CORINNE.

AH, gentle Corinne!  
With thy violin  
Thou fashionest music so sweet,  
I could lie all day  
And dream life away  
On the turf at thy dainty feet.

'Neath evergreen shade,  
In the sylvan glade,  
I close to the infinite pause,  
As thy magic bow,  
So weird and low,  
Its music strange, mystical, draws.

Thou 'rt shy as a bird,  
Yet thy notes are heard  
In the halls of fashion and light,  
And thy subtle spell  
Thou weavest as well  
As beneath the dark dome of night.

For thy soul, agleam  
With its mighty theme,  
Thy terrors doth vanish like mist;  
And with rapturous glow  
Thou handlest thy bow,  
By the spirit of music kissed.

Corinne, ah Corinne!  
With thy violin  
Thou drawest all hearts to thee;  
My homage I bring—  
This song would I sing,  
But music ne'er dwelleth with me.

## THE NEW WOMAN.

TIME was when man monopolized  
The best of all a-going,  
But now you need not be surprised  
If woman does some crowing.

For what she 's done this last decade  
Is quite a ten years' wonder,  
And the genus *Homo* stands dismayed  
Though she 's stolen not his thunder.

Perchance she might, but she well knew  
That she could do much better—  
I 'll prove this true ere I am through  
That he is much her debtor.

She 's cleared away the underbrush  
Of primeval tradition,  
And now the modern man doth rush  
To hear her erudition.

For college doors are yawning wide,  
And dons bid her to enter  
Where once man, mighty in his pride,  
Alone was head and centre.

The lore of Galen, all is hers,  
Blackstone is but a primer,  
And yet it is a truth, kind sirs,  
She cooks a first-rate dinner.

She poses on the platform high,  
A true Delsartean model;  
No curtain lectures deigns to try  
As did poor sister Caudle.

She wields the brush with dextrous skill ;  
Her pen flies o'er the paper  
And glowing thoughts the pages fill  
While lowly burns the taper—

For he 's asleep, the dear good soul,  
Dreaming of stocks and mortgage,  
And wond'ring where he 'll find a hole  
To creep through on the shortage.

But waking with the morning light,  
He finds that all his worry  
In her black scratches of the night,  
She 's settled in a hurry.

Finance for her no secrets has,  
She dotes on exploitations,  
And dabbles in such trifles as  
The destinies of nations.

In journalism she 's abreast  
With man in all its stages,  
And on her laurels well may rest ;  
A queen among her pages.

She hath her well-appointed club,  
Her luncheons and her dinners ;  
No sect nor creed she now doth snub,  
But feasts with saints and sinners.

In truth, from bondage woman 's free—  
Still one thing more she claims, sirs ;  
Her right to vote—and you must see  
'T will be our nation's gain, sirs !

## ENTREMETS.

ALL things in life are relative ;  
Weakness to strength aid oft doth give ;  
Strength, to forced conditions must comply ;—  
Weakness, untrammelled, may to her succor fly.

. . . . .  
Dress surely does a difference make ;  
When you have grave affairs at stake,  
A well cut coat, a stylish hat,  
Essential are, remember that.

. . . . .  
Believe all things will right themselves,  
In course of evolution ;  
We 're climbing higher, stage by stage,—  
Attempt no revolution.

. . . . .  
The poet is a man of moods.  
To-day he sings, to-morrow broods ;  
To-day is bland, to-morrow raves,  
Unrestful as old Neptune's waves.



## BECKEY.

SHE 'S just a little thoroughbred,  
From tip of toe to crown of head ;  
And be it fair, or be it storm,  
She 's always in the best of form.

Her lips are fresh as morning dew,  
Her eyes are of cerulean blue ;  
Her hair is brown, touched light with gold,  
And fashioned close in classic fold.

Her laugh is like the mountain rill,  
Spontaneous, bubbling from the hill ;  
Her tears—alas, that she should weep—  
Are like the spray on ocean's deep,

Her soul is white as falling snow,  
Her heart is red with love's own glow ;  
And in life's heat, or in its cold,  
Our Beckey 's worth her weight in gold.

## A WINTER IDYL.

TO BABY COZZENS.

SWIFT falls the snow,  
The wild winds blow  
Around the "Monterey";  
And shadows deep  
In corners creep,  
This bleak and wintry day.

The shades of lawn  
Are upward drawn,  
Within the "Monterey";  
And gusty clouds  
Like demon crowds  
Peep in, then speed away.

Now, smiling bright,  
A winsome mite,—  
Pride of the “Monterey”  
Comes in to cheer  
With presence dear  
The gloom so dense and gray.

Fair, sweet, and fresh  
Her dainty flesh,—  
Babe of the “Monterey,”  
Right from her bath  
Her good bonne hath  
Brought her so blithe and gay.

And now upon  
Her couch of down—  
Safe in the “Monterey”—  
She crows to see  
A sunbeam free  
Burst from the clouds astray.

It flickered o'er  
The polished floor,  
    Within the "Monterey ;"  
Then quick arose,  
Kissed her pink toes,  
    And trembling fled away.

One glance she gave,—  
Reproachful, grave,  
    There in the "Monterey ;"  
Which said, "Mamma,  
And you, papa,  
    Have cozzened it away."

## A LIVELY DAY ON OLYMPUS.

ONE morn in eighteen ninety-nine  
Great Jove awoke from his sleep divine.  
With an ominous shake of his mighty beard  
He seemed a god to be well feared.  
With royal mien and kingly pride  
He gazed o'er his dominions wide,  
And, glancing down the cerulean blue,  
He thought he saw there something new.  
Quick called he Juno to his side ;  
She came, majestic and keen-eyed.

“Look quickly down below,” said he,  
“And tell me if aught strange you see !”

Her swift glance cleft the ether space,  
A puzzled look came o'er her face ;

And turning quick to Jove, she spoke,  
“I think, my dear, it looks like smoke.”

“Now, how came smoke in Olympian air,  
Except by my cigar puffed there?  
What caitiff dare my realm invade?  
I'll soon reduce him to a shade!”

They silent stood, in watchful ire,  
And still the smoke kept floating higher.  
At length with clash, and clang, and jar,  
A locomotive drew up with a Pullman car.

*(Quoth Jove:)*

“What infernal thing is that?”

As a man in tweed and soft felt hat  
Sprang out before the train had stopped,  
And right at Juno's feet he dropped.

“Who be ye, presumptuous stranger,—  
Know you not your head's in danger?”

And what is that? and who are they  
That dare in Jove's high realm to stray?"

"O, that's a special from New York,  
With Dr. Depew and some of his sort;  
And a poor inventor, making a trip  
To try his new patent railway grip.—  
But, here's a card with my address;  
I'm a reporter for the United Press.

"Gods and men are the same to me,—  
In our pursuit they needs must be,  
And nothing goes unless I swear  
That everything is on the square."

At these words Juno smiled, quite pleased,  
And Jove's deep wrath was quick appeased.  
(*Said He:*)

"You're the man I'm glad to know,  
For you can give me the news from below."



“O, yes, indeed, but there’s much to tell,—  
And I think I hear the dinner-bell.”

*(Says Juno :)*

“I quite understand your suggestion,  
And I trust our fare will suit your digestion.  
I’ll be your hostess and Jove your protector—  
We’ll feed you ambrosia and toast you on  
nectar.”

“That’s right ; Juno and I in this agree,—  
While you’re in town we’ll board you free.”

“Thanks, then, I’ll at once begin my tale—  
Your nectar might make my memory fail.

“We tread our equator and converse at ease  
With friends in the far antipodes.  
We ride on the water, float in air,  
And reach our attics without climbing a stair.  
We solid ice in midsummer freeze,  
And make fine combs for honey-bees.



—By the way, if you 'll the contract let us,  
We'd like to make some for Hymettus.—  
But, I digress. My friends, you see  
Our commercial instincts shadow me.  
I'll hasten now my simple tale—  
Things down below so soon grow stale.

“Our electric light puts out the moon,  
And makes the midnight like the noon,—”  
(*Quoth Jove:*)

“You daring mortals arouse my wonder;  
You've got our lightning and will soon steal  
our thunder.”

“O, never, Jove,—we make our own;  
To hear it on the stage you'd groan.  
But the half my tale is not yet told;  
And, pray don't think me over bold,  
But we've brave heroes from the wars  
Who'd soon put hors de combat Mars;

Barmaids fair as the queen of Sheba,  
Who far outshine your little Hebe,  
And nymphs of the dance, so agile and light  
They'd beat Terpsichore out of sight.  
And we an Adonis have down there,  
With whom Apollo can't compare.  
And lordly youths, so tall and fleet  
That Mercury's laurels would fade at their feet."

*(Roared Jove:)*

"Cease your comparisons odious,  
Or I'll give you quarters less commodious!  
You prove your boasts, or, ere you lunch,  
I'll treat you to a hemlock punch!  
Fleet-winged Hermes shall go down,  
And warn your creatures of renown  
'Tis mighty Jove's imperial will  
They hither come to try their skill."

"O, send not Hermes,—he's far too slow  
To run on errands down below.

I'll summon them through the telephone,  
And swift your message will make known.  
Watch well, and you'll espy them soon  
Sailing up in a big balloon."

They waited on the giddy height  
\* To watch their guests' quick upward flight.  
Full soon they came with laughter and jest,  
For their noble ship had sailed its best.  
Then Jove assembled all his court.  
(*Said He :* )

"Of these pigmies we'll make fine sport!"

He seated him in kingly pride,  
The stately Juno by his side;  
And close around his courtiers sate,  
The novel contests to await.

"On with the dance," was his command,  
And at his bidding appeared a band

Most wondrous bright, and dazzling fair ;  
All seemingly to tread on air.

The dance went on with subtle grace,—  
Intense excitement filled the place.

Wise men, grown bald in pious age,  
Sat raptured close unto the stage ;  
While adolescents, with foot-ball mats,  
Filled the air with tossing hats.

Then sudden came an ominous pause—  
Followed quick by a burst of applause,  
Brava ! brava ! Loierisqué ; Encore ! Encore !  
(*Roared Jove :*)

“ Enough ! Enough ! No more—no more !  
If defeated is our Terpsichore,  
I swear 't was done by trickery.  
Next comes Beauty on the list,—  
And on stern justice I now insist.”

And Beauty came,—such beauty I ween,  
As never before united was seen.

It took but a moment the palm to award,  
For each and all were of accord.  
Fair Venus turned in anger away,—  
A professional beauty had won the day.

*(Cried Fove:)*

Venus darling, don't you fret,—  
You'll get the best of Lily yet,  
Time will play her ugly pranks,  
While you'll keep fresh from your salty tanks.  
Don't crawl back to your old half-shell—  
This thing is but a monstrous sell."

Then—

To his factotum, white with fear,  
With shout stentorian and clear:

"Bring forth the vaunted young athlete  
With wing-heeled Hermes to compete!"

Silent and swift progressed the race,—  
A sombre spell hung o'er the place.  
Each sporty maid a flyer took,  
And wrote her favorite in her book.  
With sullen face and brow grown black  
Soon Hermes went limping off the track,  
While, with swinging step and easy grace,  
The New York athlete won the race.

Great Jove sank back upon his throne,  
And from his lips escaped a groan.

“ I give to you one trial more—  
That shall decide what's gone before.  
I challenge your heroes from the wars  
To mortal combat with great Mars.”

Mars first appeared, in strength and might,  
In Vulcan's armor burnished bright ;—  
Then, came a man in blue and gold,  
With a rifle, and bullets fresh from the mould.



Quick flashed in air Mars' glittering blade,—  
The man in blue stood undismayed.

A flash of fire—a puff of smoke,—  
A bullet through Mars' strong shield broke,  
And entering his mighty breast—  
The gods' great warrior was at rest.

The stately Juno tore her hair—  
Jove roared aloud in wild despair.  
But, when his rage was somewhat spent,  
He for our good reporter sent.

*(Said He :)*

“Young man, you've won this day,  
But your own defeat is on its way,—  
Not to you, nor your worldings, the palm I yield,  
But to Progress, which shatters the strongest  
shield.

We've been asleep for countless ages,  
While you have advanced by rapid stages;

But the wheel of Progress will crush you soon,  
So hasten back to your balloon."

"I thank you, Jove, for your kindly moral,—  
In return, accept a dose of chloral.  
It will send you back to your blessed sleep,  
And the scenes of this day from your memory  
keep."

Jove took the potion in his grasp,  
And, leaning back, said with a gasp:

"Young man, young man, I pray you go;  
I wish no more of your world to know."

Then the crafty reporter came back to town,  
And sat up till midnight to write this all down.

}



“FOR SWEET CHARITY’S SAKE.”

*(Written for a Hospital Fair.)*

“CAST thy bread upon the waters,”  
And it shall return to thee cake,  
O ye parents, sons and daughters,  
With never a pain nor an ache.

Hie to the Fair with thy ducats,  
And spend them with jolly good will,—  
Where e’er you lower your buckets  
You’re sure to be pleased with their fill.

Ah, the soft hands that will serve you  
And return all change that is due ;  
Pray, don’t let prices unnerve you—  
They’re “fair,”—Be assured this is true.

When thou return'st to thy dwelling,  
Be it mansion, palace or flat,  
It surely goes without telling  
Thou 'lt be all the happier that

Some head may rest on a pillow  
That else might have lain on a stone,  
Some life be caught on the billow,  
Tossing out to the great unknown.

Go tell thy friends and thy neighbors  
How water-soaked bread evolves cake—  
How vast the gain of thy labors  
When spent for "Sweet Charity's Sake!"

## SONG PERSONAL.

TO E. G.

*(With apologies to Auld Lang Syne.)*

SHOULD ancient muses be forgot,  
Unheard their classic rhymes,  
Because, alas, it is our lot  
To dwell in modern times?  
Should Eschylus and Sophocles,  
Euripides as well,  
Ignored be, when at our ease  
We may hear them read so well?

Then here's to these great poets three,  
Who now in Hades dwell  
And thanks to kindly Fate's decree  
That gives us Lionel!\*

\* Dramatic Reader.

There dwelleth now in Gotham's heart  
A matron, wise as kind ;  
She mingleth food with subtle art  
For body and for mind.  
To classic drama and to lunch  
She biddeth us to come,  
And digests with a bowl of punch  
Her mental pabulum.

Then here's to her, our hostess kind,  
A woman up to date,  
Who never leaves her friends behind,  
What e'er may be their fate.

## THE FALL OF THE MODERN EVE.

**I**T was that same forbidden fruit  
Which caused poor Eve's sad fall,—  
But she was spinning on her wheel,  
And 't was a closer call.

No gallant Adam by her side,  
Her accident to share ;  
And on her shoulders lay the blame  
That he himself might spare.

For she a woman was, quite new,—  
That sure was just like Eve ;  
But then she dressed in finer style  
And wore a bigger sleeve.

It happened thus, one bracing morn  
When autumn's fruit hung red,  
She mounted her new shining wheel  
And o'er the country sped.

The wind among the branches played,  
And carpeted the ground  
With gorgeous leaves, and oft-times too  
An apple there was found.

But out of sight, so slyly hid,  
No woman fast or slow—  
Upon her wheel!—could e'er suspect  
The danger lurking low.

O treacherous fruit, the cause of all  
A woman's wicked woe,—  
How dear, how dire to her thou 'st been,  
None but her sex can know!

Onward she rolled, this woman new,  
Triumphant, brave, and free,—  
Her wheel the hidden apple found ;—  
Then came catastrophe !

Naught but a pile of débris, seemed  
This wreck so subtly made  
Of woman fair and high-grade wheel,  
That in the dust was laid.

Silent and still, so stunned was she,  
A moment lay she there ;  
Then came tumultuous sobs and tears—  
'T was n't feminine to swear.

All bruised and battered was her wheel,  
Her clothes to tatters torn ;  
As drearily she scrambled up,  
Of her high courage shorn.

For miles and miles from home was she ;  
Naught living was in sight,—  
Save two red cows with glittering horns  
That put her in a fright.

“ I almost wish I had n’t come  
Out here so far alone—  
It was n’t safe, he told me so ;  
Oh, dear, if I had known.”

Her tear-stained face she buried close  
Within her hands begrimed,—  
Nor wist that he who “ told ” her so  
Was scorching up behind.

The situation at a glance  
His practiced eye took in ;  
“ By all the gods, now ’s just the time  
To take my chance and win !



“She snubbed me right and left last night,  
When I to win her sought ;  
So self-sufficing she appeared  
I felt my suit was naught.”

He flung him from his noiseless steed,  
By a true instinct led,  
And clasped her to his throbbing heart  
Ere she could raise her head.

A nervous little shriek she gave—  
Which closed in glad surprise,  
And through the dimmish tears there shone  
A love light in her eyes.

Then he with ardor kissed her thrice,  
Unheeding tears or grime ;  
And blessed the “bike” that brought him there  
Just in the nick of time.

With well stocked "kit" and dextrous hand  
He spliced the broken wheel,  
And side by side they rolled away  
Together, for woe or weal.

*L'Envoi.*

The whispering breeze laughed low,  
And the leaves in mirth tossed high,  
The apples danced on the topmost bough  
Beneath a smiling sky ;

Then in mocking chorus came the shout :  
" " What fools these mortals be ! " —  
Why must they all eat of the fruit  
Of the forbidden tree ? "

TO L. A.

MY neighbor comes in for a cup of tea,  
She is British, and I Yankee.  
We discuss Venezuela and the fishery,  
But in the end we both agree  
That "arbitration," for her and me,  
Is the healthiest seasoning for our tea.  
So the "Stars and Stripes" and "Union Jack"  
Are shunted off to a safe side-track.

TO C. B. F.

*(On the receipt of the gift of a sterling silver pen-holder.)*

DEAR Clinton, we have often heard  
"The pen is mightier than the sword,"  
But, list! I'll whisper what I think:  
'Tis not the sword, the pen nor ink;  
Convinced am I, as I grow older,  
The "might" is in the "sterling holder."

## AT THE BANQUET.

THE world is round, wise men declare,  
And like a ball hangs in the air;  
But it will have an end, they say,  
When certain forces come in play;  
And shall within its starry height  
Explode like bomb of dynamite.

And thus the round of pleasure may  
Come to an end, 'most any day;  
So, be thou wise, and ever try  
To catch this charmer "on the fly,"  
Nor wait for her to settle quite,—  
Be it broad day or densest night.

But, fleet and fragile are her wings—  
Grasp her not rudely, lest she stings;

Pursue her not beyond the bound  
Of right's and reason's solid ground,  
Else she may lead you fast and far  
Beyond your happy natal star.

But this is her demesne to-night,  
And here she pauses in her flight.  
She soars and circles o'er each guest,  
Then, diving down, sinks low to rest  
Within the crystal goblet's brim,  
And temptingly smiles up at him.

Then let us have her out, I say,—  
No more at hide and seek we'll play,  
But drink her down and make her ours  
Beyond recall by all the powers.  
So here 's to Pleasure! gay and bright,  
A willing captive here to-night.

## A BIT OF HISTORY.

WILD throbbed the hearts of the "22nd,"  
Twenty-five years ago to-night,  
As they bravely marched where duty beckoned,  
To secure the Union's imperiled might.  
And as they marched adown Broadway,  
Those noble men in modest gray,  
The welkin rang with loud acclaim  
Of man, and lad, and lass, and dame.  
But the mightiest cheers on the night air wafted  
Were the plaudits of those who could n't be  
drafted.  
The blind, the halt, the lame,  
Grew blinder, lamer, halter;  
But still, as news of battle came,  
Their courage stood firm as the Rock of  
Gibraltar.



Our gallant band marched on its way  
And took the train without delay.  
They landed safe in Baltimore,  
And there remained two weeks and o'er.  
How well they bore their hardships there  
The country knows, so I'll forbear,  
But simply note their great distress  
When anything went wrong at mess.  
They blacked their boots, they brushed their  
clothes,  
And in their buttonholes wore a rose.

---

Now, time was big with great events,  
And forced were they to strike their tents.  
Again away by rail they went,  
For Uncle Sam had kindly sent  
Those brave defenders of the nation  
A train of cars for their transportation.  
Safe arrived at Harper's Ferry,  
With quinine and whiskey—'t was well to be  
wary,—



Footsore and weary from riding in cars,  
They sat them down and smoked their cigars.  
Their hearts with warlike ardor filled,  
They really felt a little chilled  
To find no rebels there  
Who needed their especial care.  
But stoics were they in that ancient day,  
So they lay down to rest on blankets the best  
And all dangers scorning, slept soundly till  
morning.

---

Camp-life at Harper's Ferry, Boys!

Who does not regret it?

Who can e'er forget it?

Of active service we had not much,  
But our discipline was such  
That, could we have proved our mettle,  
As sure as fate we'd have won the battle.

Once, as dawn's rosy fingers  
Drew the curtains of night,

The long roll resounded—  
That surely meant fight !  
Awaked from our dreams  
From our blankets we bounded,  
But only to find the danger  
Unfounded.

Weeks rolled by,—no enemy came,  
But we served our country all the same.  
These sacred words resigned us to our fate :  
“ They also serve who only stand and wait.”

Though battle came not with its blood-red  
hand,  
Still death crept into our gallant band  
And took from us our brave commander,  
A man of wisdom, truth, and candor.

“ The king is dead ! Long live the king ! ”  
Are words that must together ring.  
We dropped a tear on Monroe's bier,

Our offerings laid upon his pall,  
Then, turned to greet our Aspinwall.  
He too has passed to the great beyond,  
Severing still another bond.  
With God's jewels, the flowers,  
We shall soon deck their graves,  
While we bless the great powers  
Our Union still saves.

Though bloodless was our first campaign,  
The "22nd" went forth again  
And some among us fought and fell  
Amid the shower of shot and shell.

But we come not here to-night  
Our country's battles again to fight ;  
But come we in peace and come we in love  
With a tear for our comrades in the grand  
    army above,  
And a word and a cheer  
For those who are here.

All hail ! to you, veteran brothers,  
To you, colonels, commanders, and others,  
And hail ! all hail ! to the memory of dear old  
Abe

Who said he reckoned "the Union would have  
Gone to pieces without the '22nd.'"

To-night we are a quarter of a century older,  
But never have our hearts felt bolder ;  
So let us seem as young and merry  
As we were in camp at Harper's Ferry,  
While we our flowing bumpers drain  
In memory of our first campaign.

NOTE.—The foregoing lines were delivered at a banquet given by the veterans of the Twenty-second Regiment, N. G., N. Y., to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their first campaign in our late civil war.

## A TOAST.

HERE 's to the sparkling spray,—  
To the lightsome foam so fleet!  
—'T is the cruel hidden undertow  
That drags us off our feet.

So here 's to mirth and laughter—  
Whate'er beneath them hide!  
—Sail we above the breakers high,  
But 'ware the ebbing tide.

And here 's to fun and folly!  
If life be but a span  
No time have we for melancholy,—  
Be joyous while we can!

## ACROSTIC.

JOY-BELLS, ring ye a glad acclaim,—  
Unto high Heaven resound her fame!  
Linger and list—she cometh—our queen,  
In jewels and laces and satin's sheen,  
Entwining young Romeo's heart with her own,  
Trilling her song with her angel's tone.  
Thou glorious Melba! Thou Juliette fair!  
*Encore! Encore!* or I die with despair.

## NETHERSOLE'S CARMEN.

A DEMON of beauty in scarlet and gold,  
A seductive, gay coquette ;  
With her supple grace and glances bold,  
Smoking a cigarette,—  
That 's Carmen.

A colorless maid in faded blue,  
Pure as an angel's dream ;  
A saintly calm, a love as true  
And—cool, as a mountain stream.  
Dolores.

A soldier brave to face the foe,—  
Unused to woman's wiles ;  
A glance—a touch—an acacia's blow  
Disturbs, distracts, beguiles.  
Don José.



His sergeant's stripes for Carmen lost,  
And struck from honor's roll,—  
Still, all 's not gone, though dear the cost—  
He saved his Nether—sole.  
That 's nature.



## PROPERTY KISSES.

SHE kisses him sweet, and she kisses him  
long,  
In the glare of the lights, in the face of the  
throng,  
And never a chance of one he misses—  
He must not, indeed, for they 're property kisses.

It 's all in the way of business, you know,  
And adds so much to the spice of the show ;  
And, rains it applause, or seethes it with hisses,  
He faithfully garners his property kisses.

The lights are turned down,—the play is all  
over,—

The curtain conceals a maid and her lover;  
And he swears by his soul he knows what true  
bliss is,

As he pays back with interest her property  
kisses.

## LE BALLET.

**T**HE fair Terpsichore veils her face,  
O, list unto her wailing ;  
She cannot keep up to the pace  
With “ Fuller ” skirts prevailing.

## THE ABSCONDING CASHIER.

After "The Bridge of Sighs."

ONE more unfortunate,  
Greedy of cash,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone all to smash.

Think of him tenderly  
All ye bereft,  
With purses so slenderly  
Filled since he left.

Alas for rascality,—  
From that locality  
Quick must he run.  
O, it was pitiful,  
In a whole city full,  
All he must shun.

Forced was he to fly  
With his treasures untold,—  
And ne'er a good-bye  
To shorn lambs in his fold.

Speeding on to the northward  
By day and by night,  
He crossed the big bridge  
And there ended his flight.

Eating his breakfast there—  
Tasting so clammily,—  
All that is left of him here,  
Is his family.

One more unfortunate,  
Greedy of cash,  
Rashly importunate,  
Cutting a dash.

## FLOTSAM.

“**R**EEF in the sails!” the captain roars,  
Then oil upon the water pours;  
But wilder, fiercer grows the storm—  
The crew turn white in dread alarm.  
The salt sea washes o’er the deck—  
The staunch proud ship is doomed to wreck.

“More oil! more oil!” the captain cries,  
And anxious scans the sullen skies.  
“The oil ’s all out, we ’ve no more hope—  
There ’s nothing left but ——— ——— !”  
“We ’re saved! we ’re saved!” exclaimed the  
mate,  
“This cargo light decides our fate.

“The ship may sink with all its boats,  
But the ——— ———, it floats, it floats!  
We ’ll straightway build of it a raft——”  
At this the crew and captain laughed,  
But instantly the angry waves  
Swept scoffers all to watery graves.

The wise mate seized a trusty rope  
And closely bound the cakes of ——;  
Then launched them on the stormy sea  
And sprang aboard, right merrily.  
Thus he was washed quite clean ashore,  
As never man was washed before.

## GRATITUDE.

TO S. I. J.

TO please my lord, I often try  
    To make a sapid, juicy pie ;  
But all my efforts are in vain,—  
He frowns upon them with disdain.

Though hard I strive to please his palate  
He cries to Bridget, “ Bring the mallet,—  
No knife and fork can ever make  
Upon this pie a single break.”

Then straightway to my den I go  
And pen my grief in rhythmic woe ;  
And, thinking thus to move his pity,  
I give to him the mournful ditty.



“ Art thou gone mad ? ” aloud he cries ;

“ I want not *poetry*, but *pies* ! ”

But since this morn all things are changed,

No more we two shall be estranged.

My heart is light, my eyes are dry,—

I know where I can *buy* good pie.

My grateful heart, full to the brim,

Goes out in thankfulness to him

Who sent to me, with kindly thought,

The luscious pie his baker brought.

“RATTLED.”

'T WAS in the glorious summer time  
Two sportsmen, gay and witty,  
Unto our royal Vineyard came  
From out the broiling city.

All wild and eager for the chase,  
Ne'er cared for love nor beauty,  
But, with a field glass in its case,  
They sallied out quite sporty.

The wily woodchuck was the game  
These huntsmen brave affected,  
So, slyly to his haunts they came,  
Lest they might be detected.

A meadow wide, with carpet green,  
By rocks and trees surrounded,  
Was where the woodchucks most were seen—  
For there they most abounded.

These town sports on a hillock sat  
And focussed well their glasses,  
Unconscious of a woodchuck that  
Watched them among the grasses.

'T is true, they long time scanned what seemed  
A hole all black and yawning,  
But never for an instant dreamed  
It was the woodchuck sunning,

Till suddenly he whisked his tail  
And for the woods departed—  
They seized their guns and on his trail  
In mad pursuit they started.

They followed fast, they followed far,  
Their victim swift retreating,  
But naught less than a trolley car  
Could cope with his wild fleeing.

Not thus again might it be said  
Their vision was deceptive—  
To each strange spot a charge of lead  
Should prove their aim effective.

Then turning quite disgruntled back  
To the far hillock slowly,  
They spied an object—small and black—  
Which lay there still and lowly.

"By Jove! At last we've got one fair—  
Now blaze away like thunder!"  
Bang! Bang! "Great Scott, we've hit him  
square—  
What the deuce was that, I wonder!"

There came a crash of breaking glass  
With splinters thick, fast flying,  
And gleaming there a shattered mass  
Where they 'd left their field glass lying.

They spake no word, but wiped their brows  
And sat down where the shade is—  
Next day, as everybody knows,  
*They picnicked with the ladies !*

Vineyard Lodge,  
Adirondacks.

## “REGRETS.”

TO MADELEINE.

I N “Roosevelt” lies my only maid  
Exceeding ill with quinsy—  
My lord, in faultless garb arrayed,  
A smile from me ne’er wins he.

Forced am I in the cuisine  
With pots and pans to wrestle ;—  
No more in salon reign I queen  
Nor on soft fauteuils nestle.

And, while I ’m grinding in the mill  
The fragrant bean of Java,  
My temper ’s glowing like a still  
Of seething, molten lava.

For—though I'm disciplined to toil  
And oft am disappointed,  
And much consume the midnight oil,—  
I'm not of the anointed.

Alas, my dear, this direful strait  
Precludes my going to you,—  
Pray Heaven that ne'er malicious fate  
May such a mixture brew you.

## HALF SEAS OVER.

**M**AY day at morn we sailed away  
By the Anchor Line, adown the bay.  
Our great Republic we left behind  
With its banners flying in the wind,  
For just one hundred years had passed  
Since our Nation's die was firmly cast.

Weak patriots then we all must be,  
Just at this time to go to sea.  
What is the charm that draws us so,  
Across the brine to our ancient foe ?  
'T was a dreadful quarrel, fierce and wild,  
But 't was well for the mother and best for the  
child.



A hundred years of peace and war  
Have left us without wound or scar,  
And across three thousand briny miles  
Old England beckons us and smiles.  
She sends us goodly ships and strong,  
Which bear us over in many a throng.

Brave Scotland, too, throws out her line,  
And baits her hook so wondrous fine  
That no man can remain at home  
When once he views the *City of Rome*.  
So here 's good luck to her captain and crew,  
A safe quiet trip to her voyageurs too!

Concert, *City of Rome*, 1889.

## A FOOTBALL EPISODE.

SHE was tripping up the Avenue,  
This maiden brave and fair ;  
And he was pacing down it, too,  
Quite gay and debonair.

The orange and black adorned her breast,—  
He wore the Yale's dark blue ;  
The sun was sinking low to rest,  
And down bowled the football crew.

The blue, triumphant, proudly waved,—  
The orange and black drooped low ;  
The maiden paused—the crowd she braved  
With her gorgeous Princeton bow.

“You ’re beaten, take it off !” he cried,  
As he met her, face to face.

“Never ! good sir, pray step aside,—  
’T were best you kept your pace.”

She passed him by with scornful mien,  
He turned and followed on,—  
The Yale’s dark blue had lost its sheen,  
The orange and black had won.

## IN POTENTIAL MOOD.

SHE held the tiller, he rowed the boat,—  
While the whippoorwill trilled his plaintive note ;

And the purple shadows, soft and dim,  
Spread a royal mantle over them.

The twilight waned,—and lake and sky  
Met close in darksome mystery ;  
While whispering pines on the dusky shore  
Told weird tales ne'er heard before.

O, haste thee, boatman, with thine oar !  
Steer, gentle coxswain, for the shore !  
O, summer night,—sweet, subtle, wild,—  
Alas ! the hearts thou hast beguiled.

IN CAMP AT RAQUETTE LAKE.

O WHO would dwell  
In a big hotel,  
Amid the noise and clatter ;  
Or promenade  
Piazzas broad,  
And listen to the chatter ?

Not you nor I,—  
We quick would fly  
Unto the woods and waters ;  
And build a camp,  
Be it dry or damp,  
Nor seek for finer quarters.

We 'll not be rude  
In our solitude,  
Though trail of beast doth track it,—  
But to our friends  
Will make amends,  
And bid them to the Raquette.

## VACATION.

A WAY, away from the bustle and din,  
Away from the city's soil and sin,  
Away from the carking cares of life,  
Away from humanity's toil and strife ;

Up, up to the mountains, down to the sea,  
On to the wilderness fresh and free,  
With rifle and bag, with rod and with reel,  
Over rocks and through thickets silently steal.

Through midsummer days and cool dewy nights,  
Ah, tarry with nature and taste her delights ;  
Then, in the sere autumn, hardened and brown,  
Return well equipped for your labors in town.

## “OUR CLUB.”

BY ONE OF US.

A BAND of bright women are accustomed  
to meet

In a modest house, on a quiet street,  
To read one day in every week  
Original English, or—translated Greek.  
The hostess, a matron of practical life,—  
A fond weak mother and fair housewife,—  
Still, feels her life is not quite full,  
So at the Muses takes a pull.  
Each member of this brilliant band  
On her own convictions takes her stand,  
And be the topic what it may,  
Every individual has her say.



We 're liberal in sects and creeds,—  
Each follows the one her soul most needs.  
We 've read every author from here to  
Kamchatka,—

Emerson, Tolstoi, and Madame Blavatsky.  
From all we have drained their wondrous lore;  
To us, they 're squeezed lemons, and nothing  
more.

Keppler and Newton are weak silly boys,  
Their works in our hands have become idle  
toys.

Old Plato is torn to Lilliputian shreds,  
And Socratic philosophy no more light sheds.  
Zoroaster, Buddha, and old Mahomet  
Are thin and light as the tail of a comet.  
We scale Parnassus with perfect ease,  
And descend to "Inferno " when e'er we please.  
We climb the embankments of the stars,  
And stare out of countenance blushing Mars.  
Thus, having gained all heights and depths,  
O, whither now betake our steps?

This problem great our souls perplexed,—  
What *can* we modern Eves do next?

And thus it chanced, one gloomy day  
We met together, quite blasé,  
An uncanny silence brooded o'er all,—  
A reign of vacuity held us in thrall ;  
Then one, divinely illumined, spoke,  
And these electric words the dullness broke :—  
"Say, girls, do you know it is opening day,—  
Let us go see the fashions, what do you say?"

A joyous thrill shot through each breast,  
And the vexèd question was laid to rest.  
We went,—and O, such lovely things !  
From Paris hats to diamond rings.  
We returned,—alas, financial wrecks,  
But lovely woman is so complex—

## QUATRAINS.

THE great uncertainty of things  
Adds richly to their flavor—  
But to the mortal often brings  
Confusion with its savor.

---

Who dares to say that "Love is blind"?—  
None sees so keenly as he ;  
Given a shadow, he will find  
The substance, the motive, the key.

TO RUTH.

**D**AINTY, winsome little niece,—  
Ne'er a single bit of peace  
To be had when you 're about—  
How you put all things to rout.

Laughing, chattering in a tongue  
Ne'er by mortal said or sung,  
And each funny word you speak  
Might as well be ancient Greek.

But your clear eyes tell the truth,  
And your pantomime, sweet Ruth,  
Can't be beaten on the stage  
By man or maid of any age.

Creeping, toddling, scattering toys  
Everywhere, with fun and noise,  
You fill the house and rule us all,  
Although you are so very small.

MY FRIEND.

TO KATHERINE J——N.

HAST seen my friend with her soft waving  
hair,

With the look on her face that angels wear,

With her willowy form of perfect grace? —

Where e'er she moves some good you trace.

Hast thou heard her voice with its low sad tone,

Or rich with a laughter all its own?

Hast thou heard her whispered words of cheer

To one whose life is cold and drear?

Hast thou seen her sweet eyes fill with tears,

At saddening tales she oft-times hears?

Or the mobile mouth and quivering chin  
Which silently voice the grief within?

Hast thou seen her hand outstretched to aid  
A needy man, or sorrowing maid?  
Hast thou felt its sympathetic clasp  
When thou wert in misfortune's grasp?

"No?" Then, wouldst thou see this friend of  
mine,

So sweetly human, yet half divine,—  
Look close within thy mirror, dear,  
And view the form reflected there.

## LOVE'S STRATEGY.

L IKE a breath of summer o'er roses blown,  
Love comes with a thrill to claim his own;  
Runs riot in her flowing hair,  
Kisses her lips and brow so fair—  
No rattling of chains discloses the truth,  
That a captive is she of the mischievous youth.



## SLUMBER SONG.

(A Maiden, a Hammock, a Garden of Poppies.)

YE gentle zephyrs, softly sigh  
And sway her fairy form ;  
Bright above is the azure sky  
And far away the storm.

Waft o'er her lids, ye drowsy god,  
The dust of restful sleep,  
And all ye poppies, lightly nod—  
Soothe her to slumber deep.

Wild spirit of dreams, whisper low  
How I have loved her long,  
Nor ventured e'er to tell her so  
Save in my voiceless song.

Rest, maiden beloved, O rest,  
And sweet be thy repose ;  
The Lethe blooms' unconscious guest—  
My lips in silence froze.

## AFFINITY.

THEY did but meet,—  
    She passed him by  
With scarce a look ;  
But a soft sigh  
Replied to his  
Obeisance low,  
And life took on  
A heavenly glow.

## ETRETAT.

TWO lofty cliffs above the tide  
A quaint old town between them hide;  
Narrow streets and winding ways,  
Houses toned to tender grays,  
Bright-hued gardens, rose-climbed walls,  
And over all the sunlight falls.

Normandy, France.

## UNSOLVED.

WHENCE come we? Whither go?  
We search the heights, the depths  
below.

With zeal we scan the learned pages  
Of Darwin, and a host of sages.  
It seemeth quite too wide a chasm  
Back from man to protoplasm.  
Anon, we read of saints and sinners,—  
Some fasted, and some ate good dinners;  
But when they came to lay life down—  
Who can tell if either won a crown?  
And thus in doubt we still are left,  
Of faith and reason near bereft.  
No saint nor sage the problem solves,  
But in denser maze the truth involves.

---

Then why the Alpha and Omega seek,  
Since Christian, Jew, and pagan Greek  
Have sought, and ever sought in vain,  
Their mighty secrets to obtain?  
The past is dead,—the future yet unborn.  
In the living present let us learn  
A creed for the Eternal Now—  
A doctrine that shall teach us how  
To make of every good the most,  
To see in evil but a ghost.  
A gospel of love, for youth and age,  
Shining with truth on every page,  
Which heals the body, cheers the soul,  
And makes of man a perfect whole.

---

All this was taught long years ago  
By One who came on earth to show  
That sickness and sorrow need not endure,  
If hearts were true and lives were pure.

TO THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF NEW  
ENGLAND WOMEN.

**A**WAKE! O Muse, and tune thy lyre  
To notes of patriotic fire;  
That each responsive, vibrant string  
Shall with New England's glory ring.

I greet ye, daughters of a race  
Where brain and muscle kept apace.  
Stern were the lives our fathers led,  
By labor and by hardships bred.

But, healthful was that honest toil,  
Grand were the products of the soil;  
And everywhere New England birth  
Is synonym for sturdy worth.

Giants of intellect boast we,—  
Fruits from our ancestral tree,  
Whose branches spreading o'er the land  
For freedom and for justice stand. .

Divines, philosophers, and seers,  
Thoughtful workers, pioneers  
In all great schemes for human weal  
Are plain stamped with New England's seal.

But not alone to man is due  
The glory of this England new.  
No minor part need woman claim,  
No cause to blush for sex or name.

Hath thought, ye daughters, o'er the list  
Of names by fame and honor kissed?  
Glorious women, brave and free,  
Born of our favored ancestry?



Remember ye brave Lucy Stone?  
Wondrous the seed that she hath sown.  
Her work, colossal, in woman's field,  
And rich and full the harvest yield.

But rough and thorny was the soil,—  
Tradition's rocks near wrecked her toil.  
She sought the legislative hall :  
“What !” cried aloud those Solons all,  
“A woman in our halls of state?—  
She's crazed—she needs a jacket straight ;—  
A dangerous precedent 't would be  
To yield her sex such dignity !”

Then one uprose, calm, unperturbed :  
“Unduly, my colleagues, are you disturbed ;  
Fear not a precedent to make  
Or vain tradition thus to break.  
The world is moving on apace,—  
Not sex, but Justice wins the race ;

If you would not be left behind  
Let this brave woman speak her mind."  
Thus, with firm persuasive note  
He won for Lucy Stone the vote.  
And, to the "House,"\* where on the floor  
No womankind e'er spoke before,  
Presented her to plead her cause  
To those wise makers of the laws.

A valiant man was Harry Gray,  
Who dared in that benighted day  
Uphold the woman's cause, and rate  
Her equal to her lordly mate.  
No sons left he to bear his name,  
But daughters, all unknown to fame ;  
And one to-day this tribute pays  
Of recognition and of praise.

Now count we her whose works and ways  
Are crownèd with immortal bays.

\*Vermont Legislature.

Whose daring words, white, seething hot,  
Dropped scorching on the accursèd blot  
Which stained our honor, stamped a lie  
On this boasted land of liberty.  
Peace! Harriet Beecher Stowe, to thee,—  
Thy pen pierced deep the heart of slavery.

And thou, revered Lucretia Mott,  
Thy teachings lightened many a spot  
In darkened lives, and thou wast friend  
To black and white until life's end.  
O, ne'er in philanthropic fields  
Did laborer garner fairer yields.

In letters we may proudly count  
Names high writ on Parnassus Mount,—  
So manifold, nor space, nor time  
Permit inscription in our rhyme.  
But Margaret Fuller's genius great,  
Together with her tragic fate,

Deep stir such pride and sympathy  
We would not her fair name pass by.

Within cold Science's sacred fane  
A lofty seat our sisters claim.  
But one illustrious name we quote;—  
'T is Maria Mitchell, of learnèd note,  
Who in the clear and solemn nights  
Invaded the celestial heights  
And stole the secrets of the stars  
Like the sagest of astronomers,  
And deemed it honor to reveal  
Their mysteries for her pupils' weal.

In Art, read Harriet Hosmer's name  
On Carrara blocks of enduring fame;  
And Charlotte Cushman, tragic, grand  
Histrionic giant of our land.  
An hundred more might we recall,  
Women of New England all,

Whose records, though of lighter gauge,  
Still glorify our heritage.

Nor need we longer seek behind,  
But 'mid contemporaries find  
Their powers, virtues, intellect  
Through generations held intact,—  
That fine ambition, glowing free,  
Not simply to possess, but *be*.

'T is true we live in merrier age,—  
In light amusements oft engage;  
No witches burn we at the stake,  
But free with them our joys partake.  
And though in cities gay we dwell  
And sometimes dress exceeding well,  
Methinks as much of good there be  
As in homelier garb and solemnity.  
And, though convention oft doth chill,  
The patriot fires are burning still.

'T was a noble thought,—patriotic, grand,—  
Thus to unite in National band  
The women of New England birth  
Scattered broadcast o'er the earth.  
May history's pages glow and gleam  
With its records, fair as Utopian dream,  
And to her, its gracious Founder, be  
All honor, praise, and loyalty.



## A VISION.

SAD and uncertain, in twilight draped  
Like a garment gray, with folds unshaped,  
I wandered left, then wavered right—  
Closer the folds and lesser the light.  
With hands outstretched, slow groping before,  
I touched a key in an ancient door.  
Quick thrilled my being with mortal shock  
As with force new born I turned the lock,  
And grim and hoarse with protest strong  
The ponderous portal backward swung.  
I paused in awe on the threshold worn—  
What mysteries grave beyond its bourne?  
I dared not enter the gruesome void  
But quaked with a terror unalloyed,  
When an eerie light the darkness broke  
And a solemn voice this welcome spoke :

“O child of man, wast not content  
With law promulged and document  
Which potentate and priest of yore  
Provided thee in ample store?  
Must thou thyself investigate  
The mysteries of church and state?  
Need'st thou to reason ever hold,  
And shun ecclesiastic fold  
Because thy quick'ning intellect  
Their cumbrous tenets doth reject?  
Behold, I do not censure thee,  
Thou art following thy destiny;  
Free enter by my favoring grace  
This ancient storehouse of thy race,  
And if perchance thou find'st the truth  
Thou 'st lost in thy insensate youth  
Hold fast, till Time no more shall be  
And fear not all Eternity.”

With courage born of words so fair  
I paused no more, but ent'ring there



I found me in a chamber vast  
Whose shelvèd walls were crowded fast  
With musty tomes of churchly lore ;  
And priestly robes all jeweled o'er  
Gleamed iridescent in the gloom  
Of the mysterious dim-lit room.  
And virgins blest, in satin's sheen,  
With pagan gods of classic mien—  
Symbolic of old Greece and Rome,  
Were crowded close beneath the dome.  
Near, Hindu idols, grim, grotesque,  
'Round Gautama and Brahma pressed.  
Strange Druid altars stained with blood  
For savage Britons' cult there stood,  
And Isis and Osiris great  
Sate gloomily enthroned in state,  
While superstitions of every kind  
Flitted like bats in the twilight blind.

All this I viewed in mood depressed—  
Not here the balm for souls distressed.

---

Passing on through the shadows afar  
I found lying low a broken jar,  
And thence arising a misty cloud  
Like incense o'er a worshiping crowd.  
Though faint and light in its lowly bed  
It denser grew as it upward sped,  
And mingling thus with the ghostly gloom  
Strange darkness fell in the dismal room.

O'er the shattered vase I bowed my head  
And on a fragment this message read :

“ Behold, I am the dust of Doubt.  
Long, long for freedom have I fought  
Close prisoned here by Holy See,  
My greatest, cruel enemy.  
If thou for truth hast ever sought  
Or pined for freedom in thy thought,  
Release me from this monstrous thrall  
And with me thou shalt compass all.

For death am I to false belief,  
Inquiry is my staunchest chief  
And oft in council he suggests  
Strange by-paths in his mighty quests."

Here closed the message, but to me  
It lightened much of mystery,  
Revealing why I oft had strayed  
Beyond the courts of Wisdom staid.  
For doubting, doubting all things fair,  
In darkness I had wandered there.  
But who had compassed his release,  
This arch destroyer of my peace?  
Naught but a golden sceptre lay  
By shattered jar to mark the fray,  
But he who thus had used his power  
To man restored a fateful dower.

Faint and oppressed I turned to go,  
Doubt e'er had seemed my direst foe—

Better far black veiled night  
Than this confused uncertain light.  
I hastened back to whence I came—  
The massive door had closed again.  
Then spake in accents big with cheer  
A voice like music in mine ear :

“ O child of Doubt, thy steps retrace—  
Rash wert thou to invade this place,  
But since thou hast, be it not vain,  
Press on, and thou the light shalt gain.”

Then the angel of Hope came winging down  
And a subtle force that was not mine own  
Hurried me on through the mist and gloom  
Till I traversed all the specter-filled room.

Then I entered a grand and domed hall  
And the sunlight shone through its crystal  
wall.

While in the fair distance a golden door  
Impelled me onward to further explore.

In shining letters I read above :  
"This guards the way to Truth and Love ;  
No doubt nor dogma enter here,  
Who holds the key has naught to fear."

Sadly I gazed at the keyless lock—  
Futile must be my summoning knock.  
Then the voice again in dulcet tone :  
"Behold, thou comest unto thine own,  
For 't is purpose high, love strong and pure,  
That open for mortals this wondrous door.  
Know then, thou holdest the golden key  
Which to this kingdom maketh free."

With tremulous joy I opened the door  
And reverent step trod the spotless floor.  
Sudden I thrilled with memories rare  
Of earlier days and mornings fair

When erst in that hallowed place I stood  
Ere doubt has poisoned all my good.

Around I looked in glad amaze—  
All was familiar to my gaze,  
And there the Master with face divine  
Stood reaching forth His hand to mine,  
Saying, "Welcome back from doubt and strife,  
I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

## AD FINEM.

UPON a bleak and barren moor  
She dwelt—this woman old and poor.  
Half starved, and always scanty clad,  
With naught on earth to make her glad.  
Rebellious oft, yet knowing not  
How to improve her dreary lot.

But, as her life drew near its end,  
A longing came for some amend.  
A fierce desire possessed her soul  
To reach, ere death, a certain goal.  
Then from her cabin mean and bare  
She stole forth in the chill dark air.



A night and day she hobbled on,  
Recked not of darkness nor of sun.  
A gleam within her sunken eyes,  
Like lightning from the shrouded skies,  
Flashed wild, as her uncertain pace  
Swift on her course she sought to trace.

At length, the sun, all glowing red,  
Sank to its rest in ocean's bed ;  
Its lurid gleams her keen glance caught—  
This was the goal the wanderer sought.  
“The sea ! the sea !” she shrieked aloud,  
“These tossing waves shall be my shroud ;

“No more, no more to starve and freeze,  
But just to rock on the billowy seas.”  
She cast her down on the sandy shore,  
And listened with glee to the ocean's roar.  
Then o'er its limitless expanse  
She swept her wild, ecstatic glance.



“O God!” she cried, “the way was rough,  
But ’t is so good to see enough  
Of *anything* before I go  
From this drear world of want and woe.”  
The voice ceased; low drooped the head;  
The tide crept up, and claimed—its dead.















M191911

953

T 2381-

C

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

as.



